

The Searching of the Truth

Science vs Religion

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Science vs Religion

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About this book

This book is a journey into the two great ways human beings seek truth: the careful, methodical path of science, and the sudden, illuminating path of spiritual insight. Through vivid metaphors, simple language, and deep reflection, it explores how each path reveals parts of reality, yet neither alone captures the whole. The book does not take sides—it invites the reader to pause, to think, and to feel the limits and the beauty of both approaches. Its purpose is not to give final answers, but to awaken a deeper understanding, a broader perspective, and a quiet reverence for the vast mystery we all live within. It is written for thinkers, seekers, and anyone who has ever asked: “What is the Truth?”

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Chapter 1 : The Lamp That Crawls



The night was complete. Not a moon, not a star. Only darkness, like the inside of a closed fist.

Imagine someone walking in that darkness with a small lamp in his hand. Not a strong one. Just enough to see a few steps ahead. That is science.

Science does not run. It crawls, slowly, carefully. Its light falls softly around it, like a whisper trying not to wake a sleeping child. This is how science seeks truth — not all at once, but piece by piece.

Each step lights up a little more. But with each step forward, the ground behind disappears back into the dark. Like a sandcastle wiped clean by the tide. What was once "known" becomes forgotten or wrong.

A scientist never sees the whole path. Only the next stone to step on. It is like exploring a forest with a matchstick. The trees closest to you glow red-gold for a moment. Then darkness eats them again.

Truth, for science, is not a fixed wall. It is a moving fog. You touch it, and it shifts. You name it, and it grows a new face. What you see today, you might deny tomorrow.

This is not weakness. This is honesty. Science admits: "I do not know everything." And so it

walks on, holding its fragile lamp, eyes open.

But the lamp lies too. It only shows what the light can reach. What about the things beyond its circle? What if the truth is sitting outside the glow, waiting?

No one asks what is in the dark — until they trip on it. Science builds truth like a snail builds its shell — small, slow, spiraled, and never finished. Each piece must fit. No part may be skipped. But the world is too big to finish. By the time one side is built, the other has already changed.

This is why scientific truth is never permanent. It breathes. It dies. It comes back wearing new clothes. One year the earth is flat, the next year it floats in space. One day blood is made in the liver, the next in the bones. Truth is slippery like soap in a bath. Still, the lamp walks on. Step by step, light by light. It will never see the whole jungle. But it does not stop walking. Because walking — not arriving — is its strength.

Chapter 2 : Truth's Vanishing Tail



Science follows truth like a cat chases its own tail. Each time it gets close, the tail moves. It spins, it bends, it flicks. The cat never catches it. But it cannot stop chasing. The tail is part of its own body — just as truth is part of the human mind.

What we call “knowledge” is often a moment in this chase. A pause. A snapshot. We hold it in

our hand and say, “Now I know.” But the next moment it slips, like fog between fingers.

Science is not a throne of certainty. It is a theater of trial. Every truth it finds must stand under the sharp lamp of doubt. If it cannot survive the light, it dies.

Yesterday's truths often lie in today's museums. Once believed, now forgotten. Phlogiston, ether, spontaneous generation — names once said with pride, now written in dust.

Science leaves behind many bones. Every discovery in science is also a funeral of an older idea. Something must be buried to make space for what is born. Truth is a traveler who never settles.

This is because science walks inside a moving world.

The universe changes. So does the human mind. A telescope stronger than yesterday's finds a crack in the sky. A microscope sees a battle

inside a cell never noticed before. What was invisible becomes visible. And what we were sure of becomes incomplete.

Science works like climbing a staircase with broken steps. Some break underfoot. Some were never there to begin with. Yet you keep climbing, because every step still gives a better view.

But there is a deeper problem — not just that science keeps changing, but that it cannot see everything. Its light is limited. Think of a man in a dark cave with a torch. He shines it on the wall and says, “This is the world.” But behind him, behind the rocks, behind the unseen — there might be something else. Something greater. Something untouched. Science speaks only of what it can measure. But what about things that are beyond numbers? Can science measure love? Can it weigh beauty? Can it calculate meaning?

A machine can tell you how fast your heart beats, but not why it breaks. A graph can show the temperature of a star, but not why you feel

wonder when you look at it. These things slip away like the tail of truth — always there, always out of reach.

Science does not lie. But it tells an incomplete story. Its tools are brilliant, but blunt. Its methods are slow, but sincere. And its truths? They glow like fireflies — here now, gone in the next blink. Beautiful, bright, but never the whole sky. That is why scientific truth is always humble. It must say: “For now, this is what I know.” And sometimes, even that — is too much.

There are truths science can never find. Not because they don't exist — but because they live in places science cannot go. Truth, in the hands of science, is like a river seen from above. You trace its lines, you map its course. But you cannot feel the cold water. You cannot drink it. You cannot know the song it sings to the stones below.

Truth's tail always vanishes — not because it runs away, but because we chase it with the wrong tools. To catch it fully, you may need something else. Not a lamp. But lightning.

Chapter 3 : The House Made of Shadows



Science lives in a house built of questions. Each wall is a theory. Each room, a field of study. The roof is logic. The floor, observation. But the house is not whole. Some parts are missing. Some doors open to nowhere. Some windows look into fog. Shadows gather in corners. They do not leave.

This house stands tall, yet never complete. Each

time a wall is finished, a crack appears. A new question seeps in. The house must be rebuilt — again, and again. That is the nature of science. It builds with what it sees. But not everything can be seen. And some things pretend to be seen, but lie.

Imagine a mirror inside this house. Science looks into it and says, “There you are, truth.” But the mirror has dust. Sometimes, the reflection lies. Or tells only part of the face. The house becomes confused. Scientists argue. Some clean the mirror. Others break it. Others ask, “Is this even a mirror?” And so, even inside this proud house, truth remains a shadow. Not because science is wrong — but because it is honest. It says: “I see only what the light shows me.” But what if the truth hides in the dark? Inside this house, every object must pass a test. It must be measured, weighed, compared, repeated. If it fails, it is thrown out.

But what about the things that cannot be touched? The things that appear only once, and

never again? What about the mystery in the human soul? What about wonder, sorrow, or joy?

Science tries to ignore these. They do not fit in test tubes. They do not repeat in the same way. So they are called non-scientific. But they are not unreal.

The house of science becomes silent here. Its methods do not speak this language. They measure the music's note, but not the meaning. They study the wave, not the warmth.

A flower can be explained by science — its petals, its pollen, its cells. But why it moves your heart — that truth cannot be measured. That truth is a shadow on the wall. You see it. You feel it. But you cannot grab it.

The house of science needs light to survive. But some truths — hide from the light. They live like owls. They come out when the light fades. This is not failure. This is limit. Every tool has a shape. A knife can cut bread, not build bridges. A telescope can find stars, not heal grief.

Chapter 4 : The Whisper That Becomes a Roar



In the deep forest beyond the house of science, silence speaks. It speaks not with facts, but with force. Not with steps, but with storms. It does not whisper theories. It throws lightning. It roars through the soul.

This is where another search for truth begins.

Religion.

Not the religion of rules, rituals, or robes. But the raw one. The one that begins with awe. With the sharp breath you take when you feel small before something endless. When you look up at the night sky and forget your own name.

Science walks with a lamp in its hand. Religion stands still until the sky cracks open. It does not build slowly. It does not test and retry. It does not ask the universe to speak — it listens until the universe screams. It waits in darkness, not to fight it — but to be swallowed whole. And then, when all things seem lost, the roar comes. And everything changes. Not slowly. Not partially. Not bit by bit. Suddenly. Like lightning splitting the sky into pieces. Like waking up from a dream and realizing you were never asleep. Like remembering something you never knew.

That is how truth arrives in this other path — not by steps, but by strikes. In that moment, there is no question. No test. No experiment. Only knowing. Not knowledge made from books or numbers, but knowledge so complete it feels like

a return to your real self. It is not like turning on a lamp in a room. It is like watching the entire building disappear — and seeing the stars behind it.

This is a different kind of truth. It does not unfold. It explodes. It does not suggest. It declares. It does not come with proof. It comes with peace. Not the peace of sleep, but the peace of certainty. Of finally seeing the whole, not the part. Of knowing not just the fact, but the meaning behind the fact. It is the moment when a storm hits — and instead of fear, you feel found.

But this kind of truth comes at a price. You cannot chase it. You must be ready to receive it. It does not respond to effort, but to openness. It does not come when called. It comes when you stop calling. It is not earned. It is given. And it does not come to the mind first. It comes to the heart. That's why science often misses it. The instruments of science are eyes, ears, hands. The instrument of this truth is the soul.

That is why those who know it cannot always explain it. A man who has seen lightning cannot draw it with a pencil. A woman who has heard thunder inside her bones cannot write the sound in ink. All they can do is point upward and say, "There."

This kind of truth does not change with time. It does not age. It does not get replaced. It arrives once — and stays forever. Like a scar on the inside of the heart. Like a fire that does not burn out. This is why, when religion finds truth in this way, it is whole. It is not the edge of the map. It is the center. It is not like the scientist who says, "This is what I know for now." It is like the witness who says, "I have seen. I do not need to know more."

Chapter Five: The Sky That Falls in Silence



Not all things fall with noise. Some truths descend like snow — slow, soundless, and absolute. They come without a trumpet. They do not argue. They do not knock. They simply arrive. You look up one day, and the sky has changed. Something vast and invisible has landed on your life. And it speaks in silence.

This is how the deeper truths come. Not as answers, but as atmospheres. You don't always

notice them at first. But they begin to cover everything — your thoughts, your emotions, your relationships. Like the weightless pressure of a snowfall, they press gently but completely. They don't fight your attention. They wait. And eventually, they reshape your entire inner landscape.

The silence of truth is often mistaken for emptiness. It is not. It is a fullness too wide to explain. Most people miss it because they expect sound, drama, signs. They look for loud revelations. But this sky — this truth — is different. It arrives like dusk. Quiet, slow, unstoppable. You cannot resist it, because it asks for nothing. It just surrounds you.

There comes a moment in life when your deepest realizations arrive without words. You cannot explain them to anyone. You may try, but the sentences fall short. They sound flat, or strange, or too simple. So, you stop explaining. You start listening more. The sky that falls in silence teaches you this: not every truth is meant

to be said. Some are only meant to be held. To be honored with stillness.

This kind of silence is not blank. It is alive. It is a silence that speaks — not in sentences, but in shifts. It shifts how you see pain. It shifts how you respond to failure. It shifts your ideas about control, success, even identity. It slowly makes you question what you used to defend so fiercely. You begin to let go of arguments. You find peace in not knowing. This feels like loss at first. But it is a deeper kind of gain.

You learn that silence is not the absence of sound, but the presence of depth. It is the breath behind the words, the pause between thoughts, the space in which the soul listens. And in this space, you discover something shocking — you are not alone. That sky that fell? It brought with it a presence. Something greater than you, but not outside you. Something that has always been waiting, just beyond the noise.

In this stillness, you begin to sense a light that

doesn't need to shine. A wisdom that doesn't need to explain. A love that doesn't need to ask. You begin to feel carried — not by logic, but by something larger and quieter. Like a sea beneath the ground. Like a wind beneath the ribs. The kind of presence that does not offer answers but dissolves the question itself.

People often fear this silence. They fill their lives with distraction and explanation. But for those who allow it — who stand still as the sky falls — there is a strange kind of rebirth. You do not become more certain. You become more whole. You do not become louder. You become truer. You walk differently. Speak differently. Think less, but understand more. And that is the beginning of wisdom.

Chapter 6 : The Faith's Lightning



Some truths do not descend like snow. They strike. Sudden. Fierce. Unavoidable. You don't walk into them — they come at you. Like lightning from a sky with no clouds. They do not ask if you're ready. They do not care if you're afraid. They tear through your doubts like fire through silk. One moment, your world is whole. The next, it is split wide open. This is not the silence of snow. This is the scream of light.

Faith is often misunderstood. It is not comfort. Not a soft cushion for life's sharp edges. Faith, in its real form, is violent. Not violent toward others, but toward illusion. It does not stroke the ego. It burns it. It does not flatter you with answers. It demolishes your questions. It is not a gentle guide. It is a divine interruption.

Imagine living inside a house you built yourself — with ideas, beliefs, systems, and fences. Then one day, a flash of truth explodes through the roof. It scorches your walls, blinds your eyes, silences your voice. That is faith's lightning. It does not illuminate part of the path. It levels the path. It does not teach you what to think. It teaches you that thinking is too small. It brings a knowing that is not built from reason, but from rupture.

Many seek this lightning, but only a few survive its arrival. Because it does not come to help you improve your life. It comes to end it — the false life. The life built on fears, pride, and control. It removes everything you thought was essential.

Then it waits. Will you cling to the ashes? Or will you walk into the unknown, empty, yet finally real?

Those who have been struck by this kind of faith rarely speak of it. Not because they are humble, but because words fail. You cannot describe what happened. You only know that the person who entered that moment is no longer here. Something else remains. Quieter, but more alive. Simpler, but heavier with truth.

This lightning does not strike the mind alone. It strikes the soul. It marks you. Like a brand burned into the spirit. You feel it forever. Not as pain, but as presence. You no longer believe because you were convinced. You believe because something inside you has seen. And what it has seen cannot be unseen.

All religions speak of this. Not always clearly. Not always honestly. But behind every myth, every scripture, every sacred tale — there is a flash. Moses with the burning bush. Paul on the

road to Damascus. Buddha under the tree. These are not metaphors for understanding. These are records of rupture. Moments when lightning kissed the earth and men were never the same again.

This lightning does not ask you to understand God. It asks you to be undone by Him. It does not make you stronger. It makes you hollow — so something greater can fill the space. Something not of this earth. Something not of thought or tradition. Something that has no name, yet knows yours.

In time, you will learn to live with this fire. Not to tame it, but to follow it. You walk forward, not with answers, but with a heart set aflame. Every step becomes a prayer. Every breath, a surrender. Every silence, a hymn.

Chapter 7 : The Mirror in the Dark Room



You do not find the mirror. The mirror finds you. And when it does, it waits. It does not speak. It does not offer comfort. It only reflects. It is silent, and it is merciless. But it is not cruel. It simply shows what is there. Not what you think is there. Not what you wish was there. Only what truly is.

This mirror lives in the dark room of the soul. Not the kind of darkness that terrifies children, but the kind that reveals adults. It is not the absence of light — it is the absence of distraction. Here, in

this inner silence, the mirror appears. And in it, you do not see your face. You see what your face has hidden. Not the mask — the muscle beneath. Not the story — the wound behind it. Not the smile — the scream buried under years of survival.

The mirror does not flatter. It shows your pride, dressed as humility. It shows your fear, disguised as control. It shows your desires, pretending to be purpose. It un.masks the layers you built to be loved, to be safe, to be seen. It does not judge. It does not soothe. It reflects. That is its only job. And its most terrifying gift.

For many, this room is unbearable. They run from it. They switch on every light they can — religion, reason, routine. They decorate the walls with noise. They fill the air with ideas. But the mirror remains. Silent. Waiting. Because at some point, every human being must sit alone in that room. And look.

Looking is not easy. It is not a glance. It is a

gaze. Long, honest, and empty of defense. It is the kind of seeing that takes time, and then suddenly happens all at once. You see what you did. What you didn't do. What you became to avoid pain. What you gave up to feel accepted. The mirror shows you how you became a stranger to your own soul.

And yet, the pain of this seeing is the beginning of healing. Because what is seen can be forgiven. What is hidden becomes a poison. But what is exposed — even the ugliest parts — can become the soil of rebirth. The mirror's purpose is not to break you. It is to shatter what was never truly you.

In this dark room, something strange begins. As you accept your brokenness, you become less afraid. As you see your lies, you become more honest. As you let go of pretending, you become more real. And slowly, the mirror begins to reflect something else. Not the false self, but the silent presence beneath it. The witness. The soul. The one who was watching all along.

This is the shift: You stop looking at your reflection and begin to look through it. You see beyond the mind, the ego, the history. You glimpse the part of you that has never changed — not once, not ever. And in that glimpse, you meet something sacred. Not outside you. Not beyond you. But buried deep within. Like a diamond under ash. Like a sun under skin.

Eventually, you leave the room. Not because you are done, but because you have begun. You carry the mirror with you now. Not in your hands, but in your eyes. You see others differently. You see the world without the mask. You are less quick to judge, more willing to listen. Because you know how much each person is hiding — and how much each heart longs to be seen.

Chapter 8 : The Eye That Sees Without Light



There comes a time when the outer light is no longer enough. Books close. Teachers fall silent. The sky turns its face away. And still, you must walk. This is when a new kind of seeing must awaken — not of the eyes, but of something older, something deeper. It is the eye that sees without light.

This eye does not open in comfort. It opens in collapse. When everything familiar has failed. When logic offers no map. When prayers return without reply. In this silence, the false lights go

out. But instead of blindness, something ancient stirs. You begin to perceive — not shapes, not forms — but truth. Raw. Unshaped. Unspoken.

This eye is not located in your head. It has no lens, no pupil. It is not physical. It is presence. It is awareness stripped of all filters. You don't use it to look at things. You use it to look into things. And in doing so, you no longer see as separate. The line between observer and observed dissolves. You become the seeing itself.

Most people trust only what can be touched, measured, or named. But this eye laughs at names. It does not need evidence. It does not chase proof. It knows by being. It sees through veils. Through lies. Through even the truths that pretend to be final. It does not look for answers. It absorbs essence. What it grasps cannot be written. Only lived.

To see without light means you have learned to rest in the unknown. Not to tolerate it — to trust it. You no longer flinch when things fall apart.

You no longer panic when the road disappears. You do not ask, "What's next?" You say, "I am here." You walk forward, not because you know the way, but because the step itself is true.

This seeing changes your relationship with fear. Fear used to be a wall. Now it is a doorway. Pain used to be a threat. Now it is a teacher. Silence used to be empty. Now it is full. This eye teaches you to recognize reality without decoration. To stand before mystery without trembling. To surrender without giving up.

People around you may not understand. They still search for light switches, still demand explanations. But you are no longer waiting for the room to brighten. You are listening to the darkness. You are learning its language — the hum beneath thought, the breath behind form, the pulse of the unseen.

With this seeing, even loss becomes holy. Even confusion becomes clear. You realize that certainty was a comfort blanket, not a compass.

That every answer you clung to was only a gate.
The path begins where the answers end.

This is the eye of prophets and madmen, of
mystics and children. It is the eye that watches
the watcher. It sees without direction, without
bias, without need. It asks nothing. And in return,
it reveals everything.

Chapter 9 : When Certainty Fails



Certainty feels like solid ground beneath our feet. It gives us comfort. It makes us feel safe. When we are certain, we believe we know the truth. We trust our ideas, our beliefs, our knowledge. We build our lives on this foundation. But certainty is not always real. It can break. It can vanish. And when it does, it shakes everything. This is when certainty fails. It usually begins with a small doubt. A question that cannot be answered

easily. A fact that does not fit. A moment that feels strange and confusing. We try to ignore it. We try to fix it. We hold on tighter to what we believe. But sometimes, no matter how hard we try, certainty slips away. Our beliefs no longer feel true. Our knowledge feels incomplete. The safe ground turns to quicksand.

This can be frightening. Losing certainty feels like losing control. It feels like falling into darkness. We ask, "What can I trust now?" "What is true?"

But this moment is important. When certainty fails, it opens space for something new. It breaks the walls that keep us trapped. It lets us see beyond what we thought was true.

Certainty is not the same as truth. It is only a temporary shelter. Truth is deeper and more complex. It does not always fit into neat answers or clear beliefs. Sometimes truth is uncertain. Sometimes it is unknown.

When certainty falls away, we learn to live with questions. We stop needing quick answers. We stop trying to force understanding. Instead, we learn to wait. To watch. To listen. In this place, fear can turn into calm. Confusion can become curiosity. The end of certainty can become the start of wisdom.

We learn to accept that some things cannot be known fully. We learn to be humble. To be open. To be patient.

This is not the end of the journey. It is a new beginning. We can build a new foundation—not one of rigid certainty, but one of openness and trust in the process of seeking.

When certainty fails, it frees us from old prisons. It invites us to explore with fresh eyes. It teaches us that true knowledge is not possession but discovery. And so, we prepare to climb again. Not with heavy bricks of certainty, but with light steps of faith and openness.

Chapter 10 : The Two Ladders to the Sky



There are two ladders before every seeker. Both rise upward. Both promise to lead toward truth. But the way each is built, and the way each must be climbed, is very different.

The first ladder is made by the human hand. It is the ladder of science, reason, and careful steps. Each rung is a discovery. A fact. A method. A theory. It rises slowly but with purpose. Those who climb this ladder wear tools of logic. They measure. They test. They question. They doubt.

And with each doubt, they build a stronger rung. The climb is slow. Sometimes it breaks. Sometimes it leads sideways. But still, it rises. This ladder depends on effort. On years of work. On collecting small pieces of truth. It is built from the outside in. It trusts the eye. It believes in proof.

The second ladder is not built. It appears. It rises like light through the dark. It belongs to the path of inner knowing—what some call revelation, or spiritual insight. This ladder cannot be seen with the eyes. It grows from within, often all at once, as if a curtain is pulled back. Those who climb this ladder are not building. They are surrendering. They do not carry tools. They carry silence. They wait, and when the moment comes, they rise in a way that cannot be explained.

This ladder does not rise from facts. It rises from faith—not blind belief, but a deep openness. A readiness to be shown. The climb is not hard, but it is not easy either. It requires letting go. It asks for stillness. For a kind of honesty that does not

need proof, only presence. For those who climb it, the journey feels more like remembering than learning.

Many believe only one ladder is real. Some trust only the first, and call the second illusion. Others reject the first, and call it cold and dry. But wisdom sees both. Truth does not live on just one ladder. It hides in the spaces between.

Some people climb both, at different times. Some begin with one and end with the other. Some climb one and look across at the second, wondering what it holds. Each ladder reaches toward the sky—but the sky is not a place. It is a state. A way of seeing. A way of being.

The first ladder teaches us humility. It shows us that we do not know everything. That knowledge is always growing, always changing. It keeps us honest. It helps us build. The second ladder gives us vision. It shows us glimpses of the whole. It helps us feel. It touches the part of us that cannot be explained.

Neither ladder is perfect. The first can become proud. The second can become lost. But when they are both held together, something beautiful happens. We learn to see the world with both eyes: the eye of reason and the eye of spirit. We walk with both feet: one in knowledge, one in wonder.

The sky we seek is not above us. It is within us. It is not reached by height, but by depth. By how deeply we can listen. How deeply we can open. How deeply we can love what we do not yet understand.

In the end, truth is not a destination. It is a way of moving through the world. With courage. With doubt. With faith. With silence.

And so, we stand beneath the sky. Two ladders before us. Two ways to rise. But no matter which we choose, or how far we climb, the most important step is the one we take with our whole being—awake, humble, and ready.

The End